

Social and Personal.

Longin' for You.

The apples don't taste sweet no more;
I'm longing, dear, for you.
Newspapers I don't read no more
'Cause I used to go;
And when I go a-walkin'
My feet go a-walkin' slow;
There ain't a single place around
Where I care much to go.
An' I don't want no more
'Cause I used to go;
How comes it you're so blue?
I don't let on to no one, but
I'm longin', dear, for you.
—Ellen Vail Barton.

Good Luck.

A four-leaf clover in the grass,
Half hidden in the emerald grass;
And what should you do at I pass?
Some occult impulse—fringe—dream?
I stooped, and found it, braced with dew.
Sweetheart, the darkest clouds blow
Over;
It goes, with all its luck, to you—
A four-leaf clover.
—Ruth Comfort Mitchell.

Chandler—Cooper.

Cards are out for the marriage of Miss C. Dora Cooper, of Mount Pleasant, Tenn., to Mr. Percy Scott Chandler, the ceremony to be performed November 9, 1904.
Mr. Chandler was a former resident of Richmond. He took the degree of B. L. at Richmond College in the class of '88, since which time he has been located in Mount Pleasant, where he has a large practice.

Out-of-Town Society.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin, Jr., whose American wedding was celebrated in the vernacular, Scotland, last week, will spend the honeymoon at the guests of Mr. Martin's brother-in-law, the Earl of Craven. Miss Cornelia Martin married the Earl when she was only sixteen years old, but her marriage has proved unusually happy. Lady Craven is a charming figure and King Edward VII. She were the ancestral lady and brocade of the Craven family descending from a Lady Craven who was afterward Margravine of Brandenburg Auspach.

One of the wedding gifts of Miss Pauline Astor, now Mrs. Spender-Clay, of London, were several elegant pieces of silver, presented by the staff of the "Pall Mall" Gazette and Magazine, of which Mrs. Spender-Clay's father, Mr. William Waldorf Astor, is proprietor.

"Town and Country," of November 5th, has the following paragraph, to which the attention of Richmond and Virginia women is directed. The paragraph says:

"Among the visitors from New York to St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. Carl von Mayhoff have been favored guests. Mrs. Mayhoff, as the present chaperone of 'Monticello,' Thomas Jefferson's home in Virginia, and also because she is popular in the college colony at Charlottesville, was chosen to represent Virginia in the board of lady managers of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. One of the interesting features at the Fair, to illustrate the history of Virginia, is the model of 'Monticello,' every detail of its quaint architecture carefully reproduced. Mrs. von Mayhoff stands so much of her time at 'Monticello' that the ladies of the little colony which surrounds the University of Virginia rather look to her for social inspiration, as she is bright and active and fond of opening wide the doors of 'Monticello' to the party due to Mrs. von Mayhoff's diplomacy that President Roosevelt will have a larger vote from Virginia. His secretary made the stipulation that President and Mrs. Roosevelt would visit 'Monticello' only on the condition that simply the host and hostess should be in the house. But guests from the college town had already been invited, so Mrs. von Mayhoff gave them tea on the lawn, and after the President had been shown over the house, he responded very heartily when Mrs. von Mayhoff suggested his meeting the assembly outside. He rode up to 'Monticello' on a 'dong-tailed nag,' just as he wished to do, because Jefferson had always made the journey so. At the tea on the lawn the guests were seated in the room known by Mr. Roosevelt's 'Delighted!' The following winter, to illustrate Mrs. Roosevelt's pretty way of returning hospitality, she sent a note to the hotel where Mrs. von Mayhoff was stopping, and she was honored that night by an invitation to the supper that follows some of the large receptions.

Baltimore debutantes and society maidens are excited over the opening of the 'Bachelors' Cotillon.' A debutante who fails to receive an invitation is never considered to have come out properly, so until these gates of entrance into social life swing wide for her, her heart is always restless and uneasy. The present governors of the Bachelors' Cotillon are Mr. E. Clymer Whyte, Mr. Brent Keyser, Mr. Hanson Thomas, Mr. William F. Lucas, Mr. R. Brooke Hopkins and Mr. Columbus O'Donnell Lee.

Miss Julia Bly of this city, will be one of the bridesmaids at the wedding on Wednesday next of Miss Margaret Taylor Wilson to Lieutenant Richard Spencer Douglas, of the United States navy. The wedding will be celebrated in St. Luke's Church, by the rector, the Rev. William A. Barr.

The bride will be given away by her grandfather, Mr. Joseph Culpeper. Miss Abbie Wilson will be maid of honor and Captain J. C. Breckinridge, of the United States Marine Corps, will be best man. The groom and groomsmen will be in full naval uniform, and the wedding is looked forward to as one of the most brilliant social affairs of the week in Norfolk.

Dr. William A. Moale, of Baltimore, has announced the engagement of his daughter, Miss Eleanor Addison Moale, to Mr. J. O'Donnell Hillen. Both young people belong to old and representative Baltimore families and are very popular.

Musical at Woman's Club.
The musical at the Woman's Club yesterday.

For Her, the Wedding Ring!

That magic little band is playing its important part in these days! Be sure that yours will assay 18k. Ours do. Drop in and see them; they are beauties.

J. T. Allen & Co.,
14th and Main Streets.

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

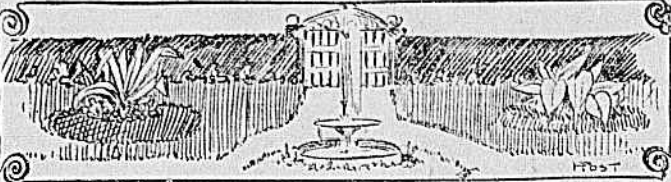
No. 335.

My Garden.

By THOMAS EDWARD BROWN.

Thos. Edward Brown, an English poet, was born in the Isle of Man in 1859. He died October 2, 1897. Mr. Brown was the author of several books of stories and poems.

A GARDEN is a lovable thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! In gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign:
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.



This series began in The Times-Dispatch Sunday, October 11, 1903. One is published each day.

terday fully equalled, if it did not surpass, the high standard of expectation excited by its announcement.

Miss M. Harrison was the soloist of the evening and was accompanied by Mr. Shepherd Webb. An unusual feature was the fine concerted music furnished by a six-piece orchestra which included Mrs. C. G. Henneberg, Miss Keck, Mr. H. P. Hoen, Dr. A. G. Hoen, Mr. E. A. Hoen and Mr. John H. Powell.

The selections were of the highest order and were given with extreme delicacy, finish and beautiful ensemble. Miss Harrison was in splendid voice and the charm of her numbers was greatly increased by the exquisite obligatos for strings, arranged by Dr. Hoen.

An unusually large crowd gathered to do honor to the performance and to pay their respects to Mrs. Hoen, the talented and gracious chairman of the Musical Committee at the club for the year. The programme in full was as follows:

Programme.

1. Traun-Pantomime..... "Hansel and Gretel,"
Humperdinck, 1854.

2. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

3. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

4. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

5. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

6. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

7. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

8. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

9. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

10. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

11. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

12. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

13. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

14. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

15. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

16. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

17. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

18. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

19. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

20. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

21. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

22. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

23. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

24. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

25. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

26. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

27. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

28. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

29. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

30. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

31. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

32. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

33. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

34. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

35. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

36. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

37. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

38. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

39. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

40. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

41. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

42. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

43. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

44. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

45. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

46. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

47. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

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63. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

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65. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

66. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

67. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

68. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

69. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

70. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

71. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

72. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

73. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

74. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

75. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

76. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

77. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

78. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

79. Vocal Solo..... E. Nevin, 1892-1891.

80. Spanish Dance..... Moritz Moszkowski, 1854.

will be held to-day at 12:30 P. M. in No. 311 East Grace Street.

Miss Jennette and Miss Charlotte Wright, of Tappahannock, will visit friends in Richmond shortly.

Miss Susie Brett, of Newport News, who has been the guest of relatives in Richmond for several weeks, has returned home.

Mr. Charles W. Priddy, of "Merry Oaks," Charlotte county, entertained a hunting party at his home last week most enjoyably.

Miss Irene Barber is visiting her aunt, Mrs. P. R. Jones, of Danville.

Captain T. F. Minson, of York county, Va., is visiting his son at No. 2335 West Grace Street.

Miss Alma Hutchinson, a charming young lady of Culpeper, left the city Saturday night for an extended visit to her brother at Glen Jean, West Virginia.

Friends of Mr. Jacob F. Seigle will regret to hear that he is critically ill with pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Behle, of No. 1012 West Franklin Street, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Augusta Louise, to Mr. Edward M. Schaff. The date of the wedding is not yet announced.

RAWLES REFUSED BAIL.
Arrested on the Charge of Forging His Father's Name.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
SUFFOLK, VA., Nov. 7.—Luther Edward Rawles to-day, through counsel, applied to former Judge Wilbur J. Kilby, who now is jail commissioner, for bail in any amount, the commissioner might grant. Judge Kilby denied bond, saying in his decision that since the prisoner had confessed he did not consider it a bailable case.

County Sheriff Baker to-day swore out a warrant against Rawles, accusing him of forging the name of his father, one E. Rawles, to a check for \$100 in June of this year.

No time has been set for the preliminary hearing.

CASE DISMISSED.
United States Supreme Court Has Not Jurisdiction.

(By Associated Press.)
WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 7.—In an opinion by Chief Justice Fuller, the Supreme Court of the United States to-day dismissed the case of Stevenson vs. Fain.

The case grew out of a controversy concerning the ownership of a body of wild lands lying on the border of the States of Tennessee and North Carolina. Stevenson claimed that the lands lay in Monroe county, Tenn., and asserted that he held them under a grant from that State, while Fain claimed that they were in Cherokee county, N. C., and were held under a grant from that State.

The United States Circuit Court for the Eastern District of Tennessee held that the lands lay wholly in North Carolina. The Supreme Court's dismissal was based on the ground that it is without jurisdiction in the case.

SPEED OF WEST VIRGINIA GREATER THAN CALLED FOR

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 7.—Secretary Morton to-day received a report from Captain Dayton, president of the Board of Inspection and Survey, saying that the armored cruiser West Virginia maintained an average speed, as corrected for tidal currents, of 21.46 knots per hour for four consecutive hours at her recent trial over the measured course off Cape Anne, exceeding by .146 of a knot the speed called for in the contract with her builders, the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry-dock Company.

This performance insures the acceptance of this warship by the government.

CARRY PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE TO PRESIDENT AMADOR

(By Associated Press.)
WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 7.—The cruiser Columbia, having completed its equipment at New York, has sailed for San Francisco to await the arrival of Secretary Taft and party who are to make the trip from there to Colon to carry the President's message of peace and good-will to President Amador and the people of Panama.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromine Tablets. Advertisers refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.—Adv.

scribe the hideous barrenness of this ten times harried tract of France? The whole face of the country was scarred and disfigured, mottled over with the black blotches of burned farmsteads, and the gray, gaunt gables of what had been chateaux. Broken fences, crumbling walls, vineyards littered with stones, the shattered arches of bridges—look where you might, the signs of ruin and rapine met the eye. Here and there only, on the farthest sky-line, the gnarled turrets of a castle, or the gray spires of a church, or a monastery showed where the forces of the sword or of the spirit had preserved some small islet of security in this universal flood of misery. Moodyly and in silence the little party rode along the narrow and irregular track, their horses weighed down by the far-stretching land of despair. It was indeed a stricken and a blighted country, and a man might have ridden from Auvergne in the north to the marches of Poix, nor ever seen a smiling village or a thriving homestead.

From time to time as they advanced the new strange lean figures sprang and scurried among the weeds and thistles, who, on sight of the band of horsemen, threw up their arms and dived in among the brushwood, as shy and as swift as wild animals. More than once, however, they came on families by the wayside, who were too weak from hunger and disease to fly, so that they could but sit like hares on a tussock, with panting chests and terror in their eyes. So gaunt were these poor folk, so worn and spent with bent and knotted frames, and sullen, hopeless, moulting faces—that it made the young Englishmen heart-sick to look upon them. Indeed, it seemed as though all hope and all courage had been driven from the land, and all that remained was a blind, dumb, and aching misery, which had gone so far from them that it could be heard in the back of their heads when Sir Nigel threw down a handful of silver among them there came no softening of their lined faces, but they clutched greedily at the coins, peering questioningly at him, and clanking with their armor, they came on families by the wayside, who were too weak from hunger and disease to fly, so that they could but sit like hares on a tussock, with panting chests and terror in their eyes. So gaunt were these poor folk, so worn and spent with bent and knotted frames, and sullen, hopeless, moulting faces—that it made the young Englishmen heart-sick to look upon them. 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